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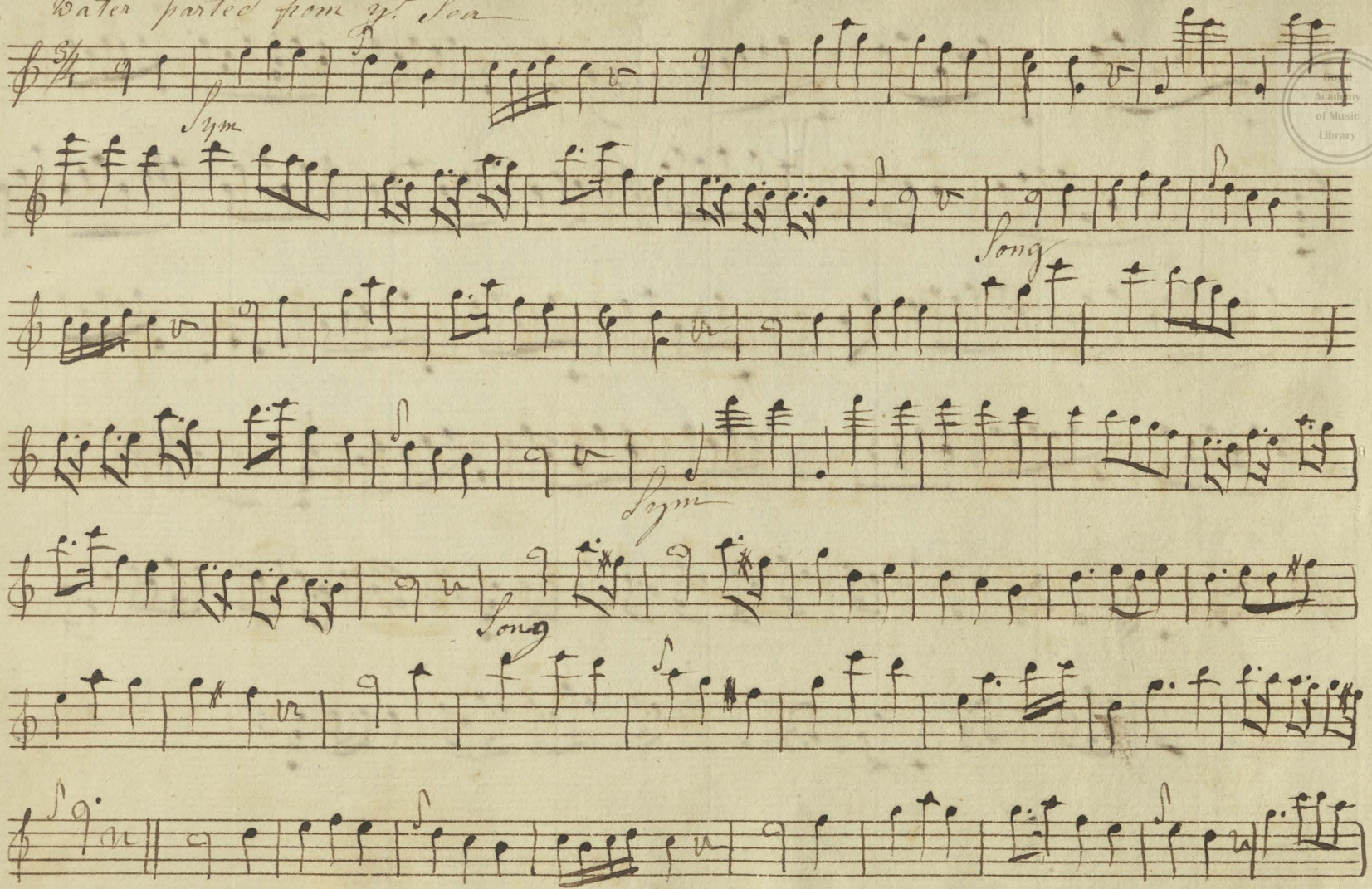
March

Water parted from y^e Sea



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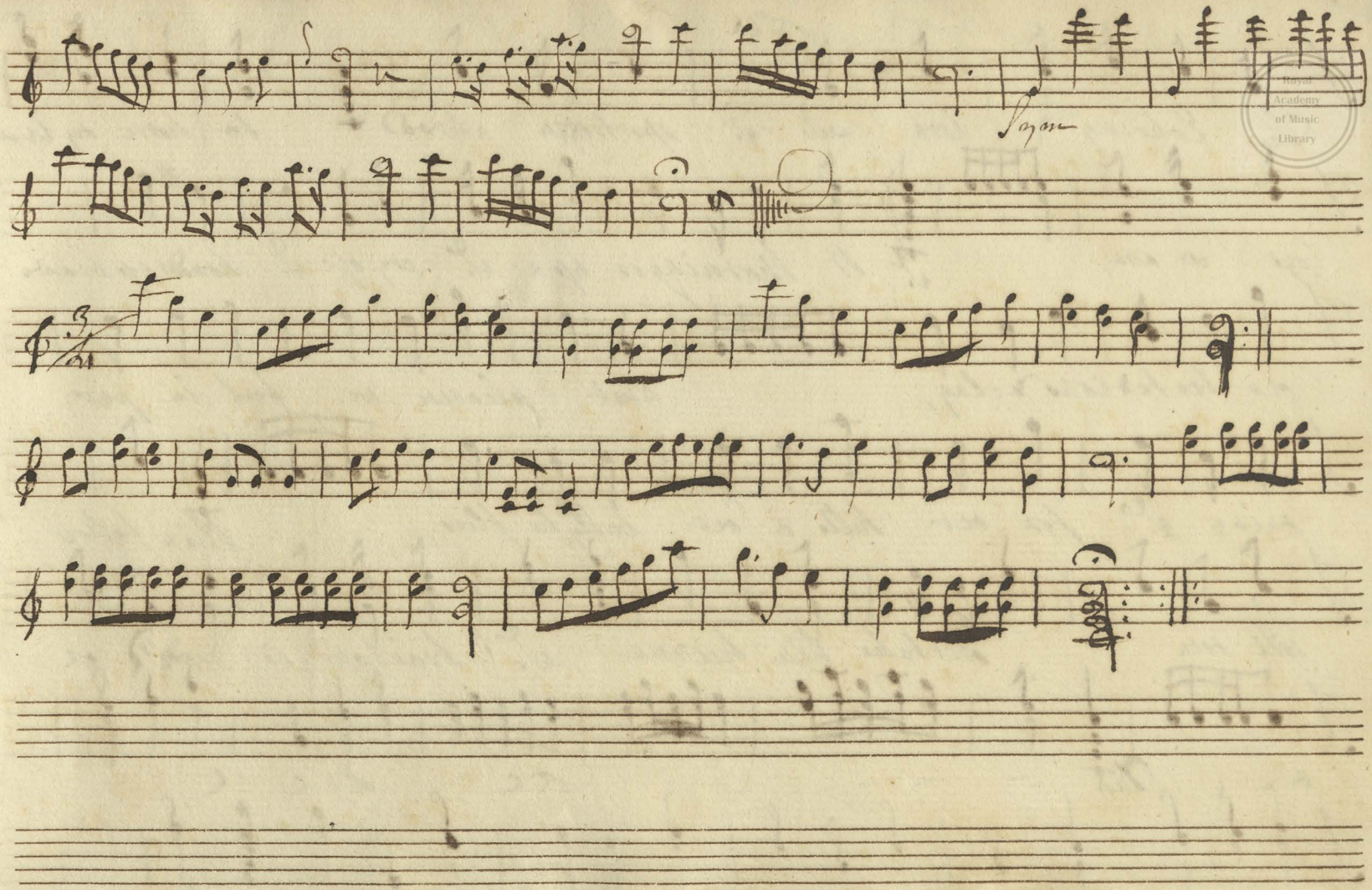

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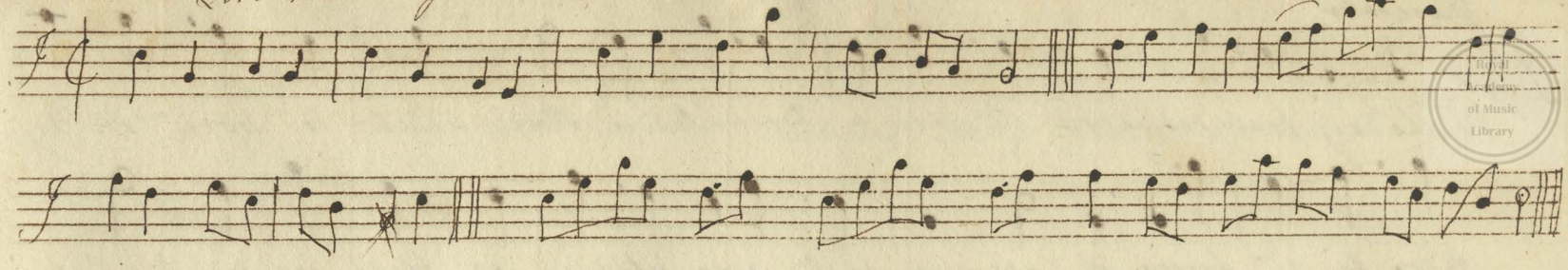
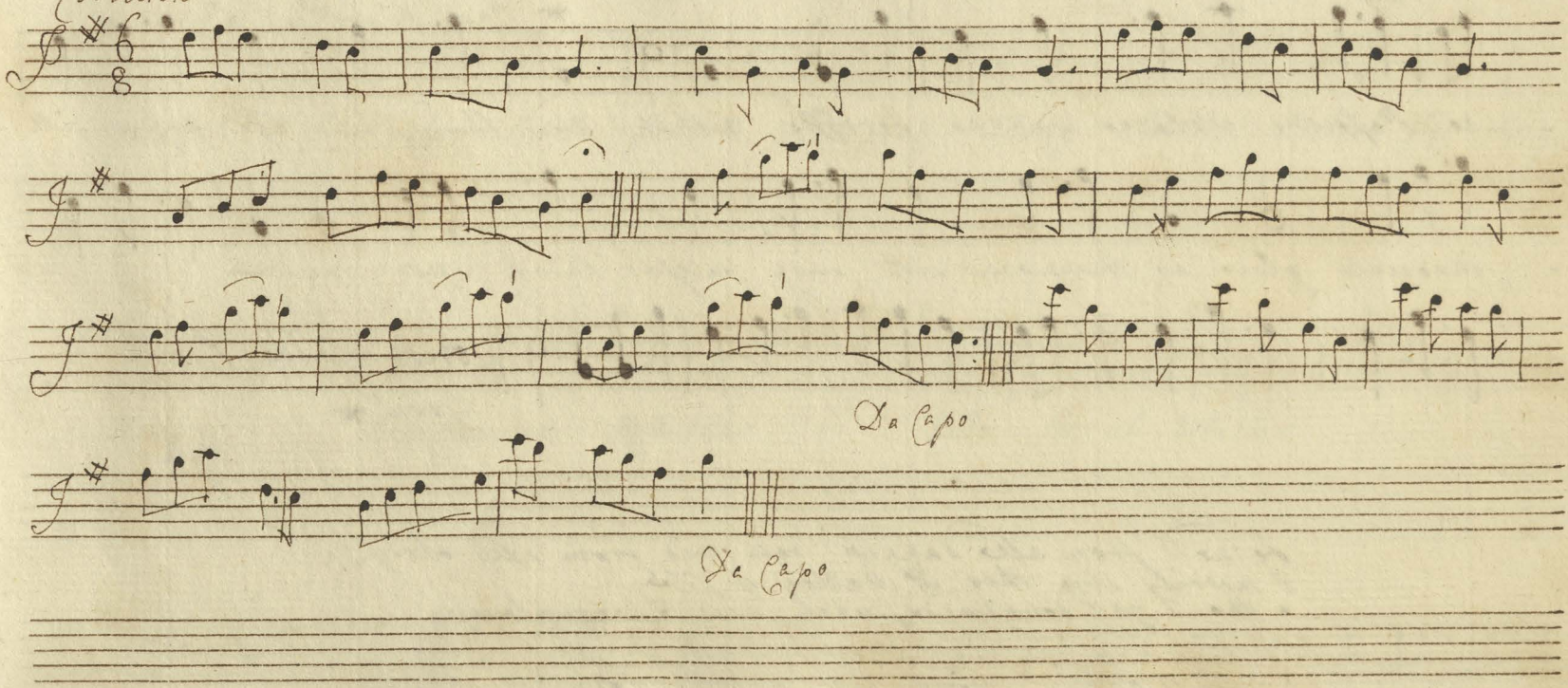
Lord Bath's Gait



Cotillion

Moderato

Tho' my features grow old not a Wrinkle is there which is worn on my

brow by the furrows of Care, no guilt ever planted a sting in my Breast

no Passions enslave me no Sorrows molest, and thus while life passes with

innocent glee as Monarchs with envy might think upon me &c

over again Both

from *

Secure from all danger remov'd from all strife
I merrily sing thro' the Valley of life
& tho' I go downwards what need I complain

Since I live my life o'er in my Children again
And thus &c. ——

Song In The Padlock

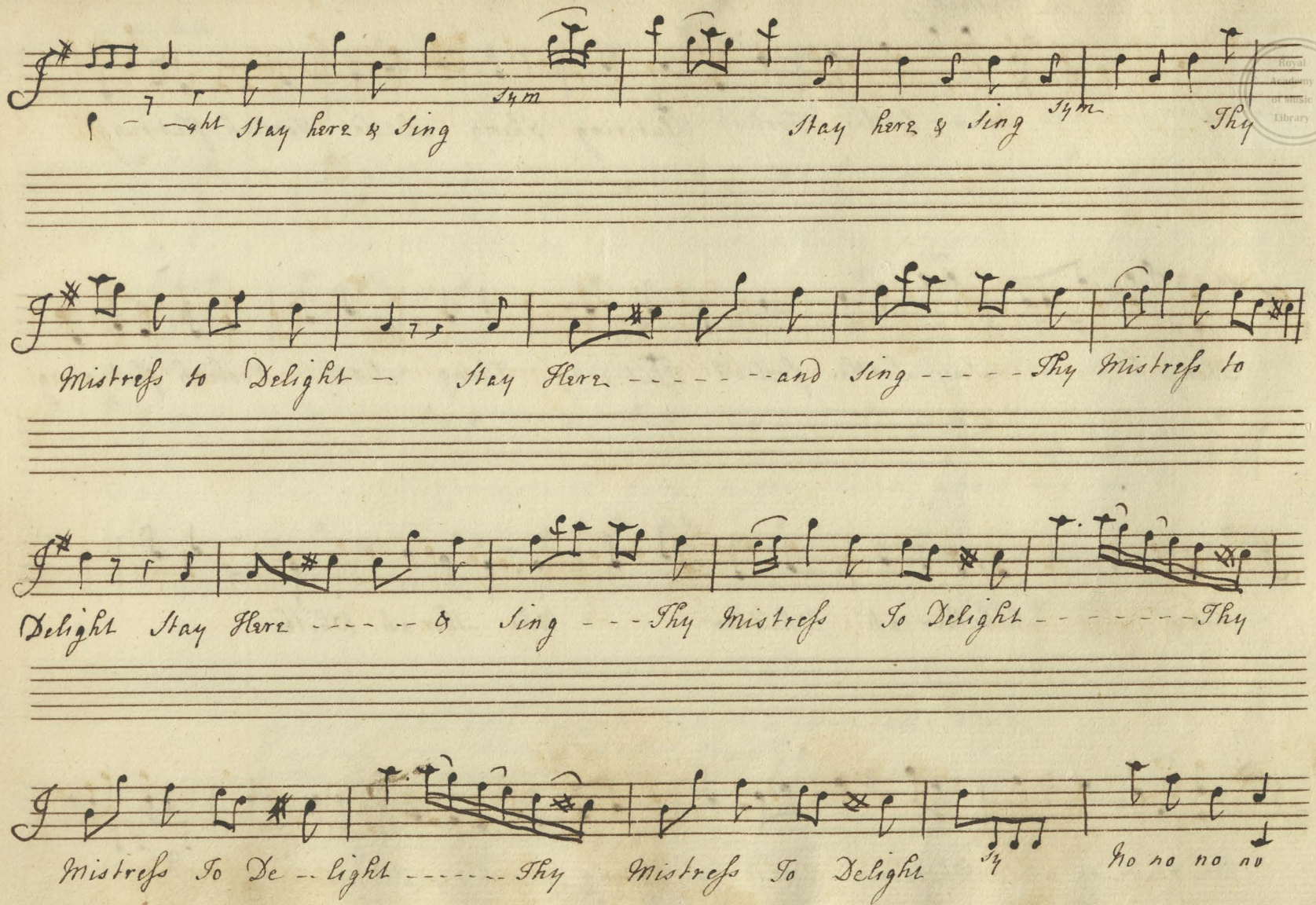
Andantino

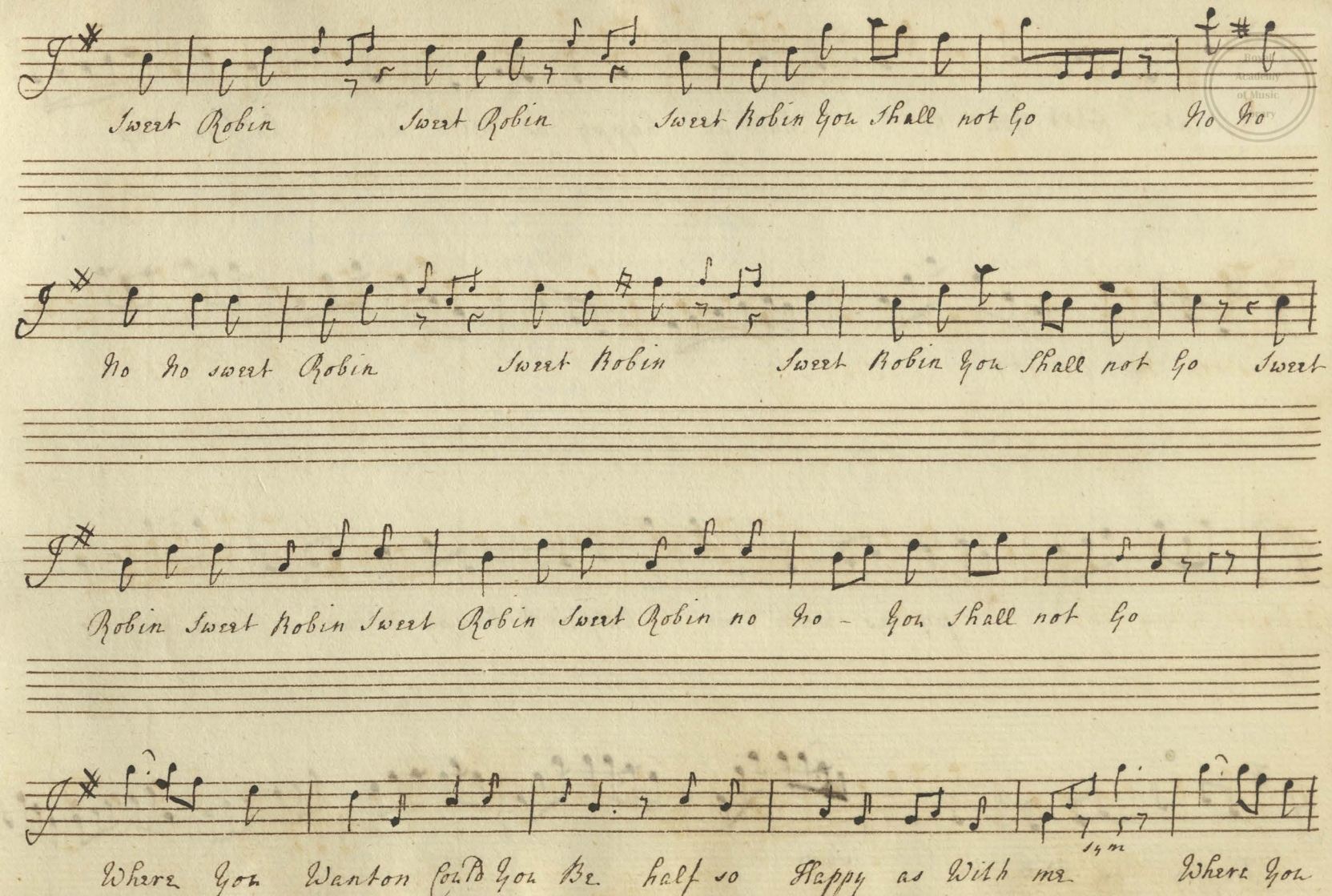
Say little Foolish Flut·ring Thing Little Foolish flut·ring

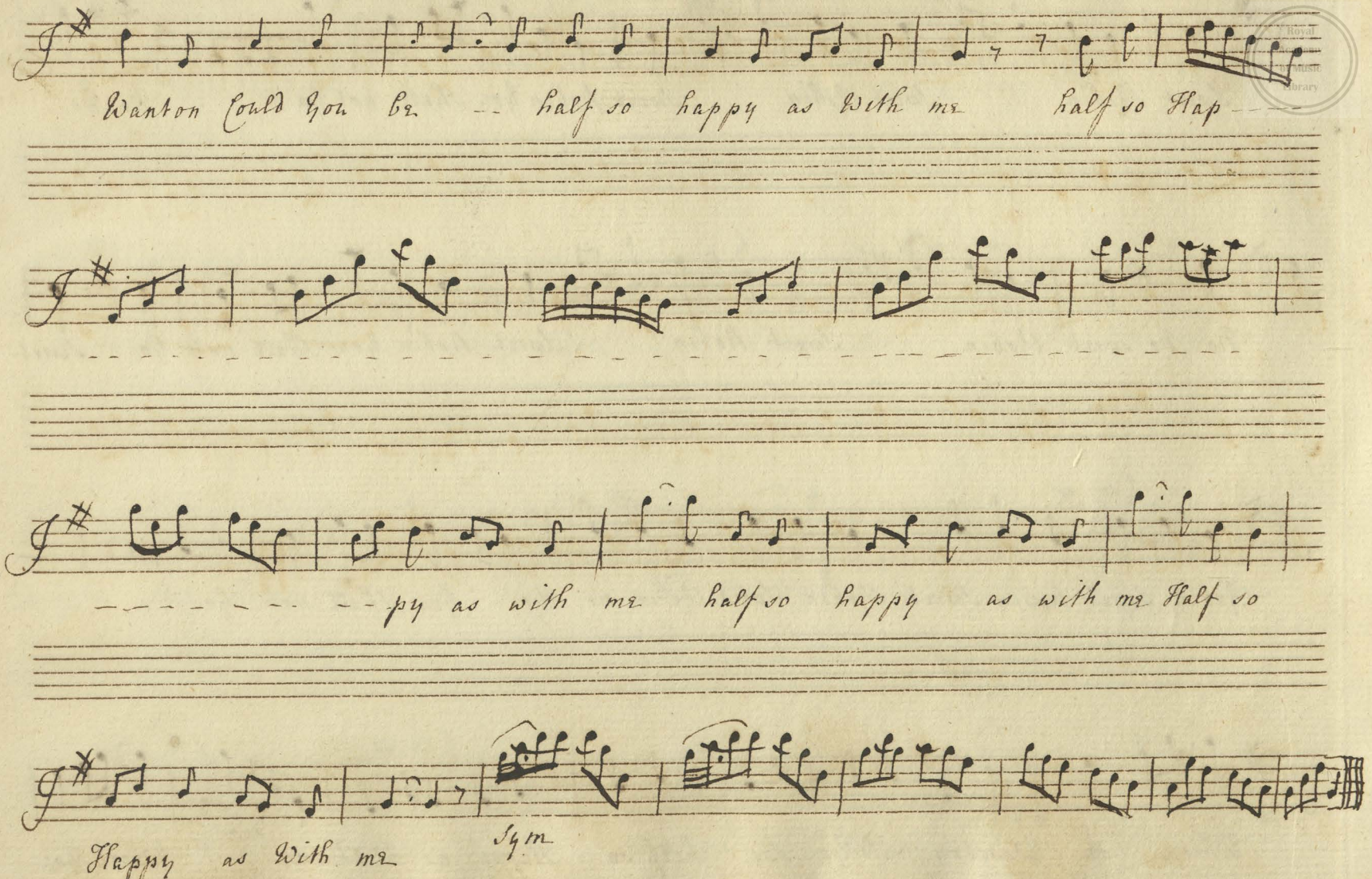
Thing Say Little foolish Flut·ring Thing Little Foolish flut·ring

Thing Whether ah Whither Whi --ther ah Whither

Whither -- ah Whither- Would You Wing Your airy Fli


– ght Stay here & Sing
Sym
Stay here & Sing
Sym
Thy
Mistress to Delight – Stay Here ------ and Sing ----- Thy Mistress to
Delight Stay Here ---- & Sing --- Thy Mistress To Delight ------ Thy
Mistress To De – light ------ Thy Mistress To Delight
Sy
No no no no


Sweet Robin Sweet Robin Sweet Robin You Shall not Go No No
No No sweet Robin Sweet Robin Sweet Robin You Shall not Go Sweet
Robin Sweet Robin Sweet Robin Sweet Robin no No – You Shall not Go
Where You Wanton Could You Be half so Happy as With me Where You


Wanton Could You be -- half so happy as With me half so Hap --
-- py as with me half so happy as with me Half so
Happy as With me
Sym

(MS723) (RB24/54)

Song 1st.

Andante

'Twas Martia Blooming all That's fair; 'Twas with that free en-gaging

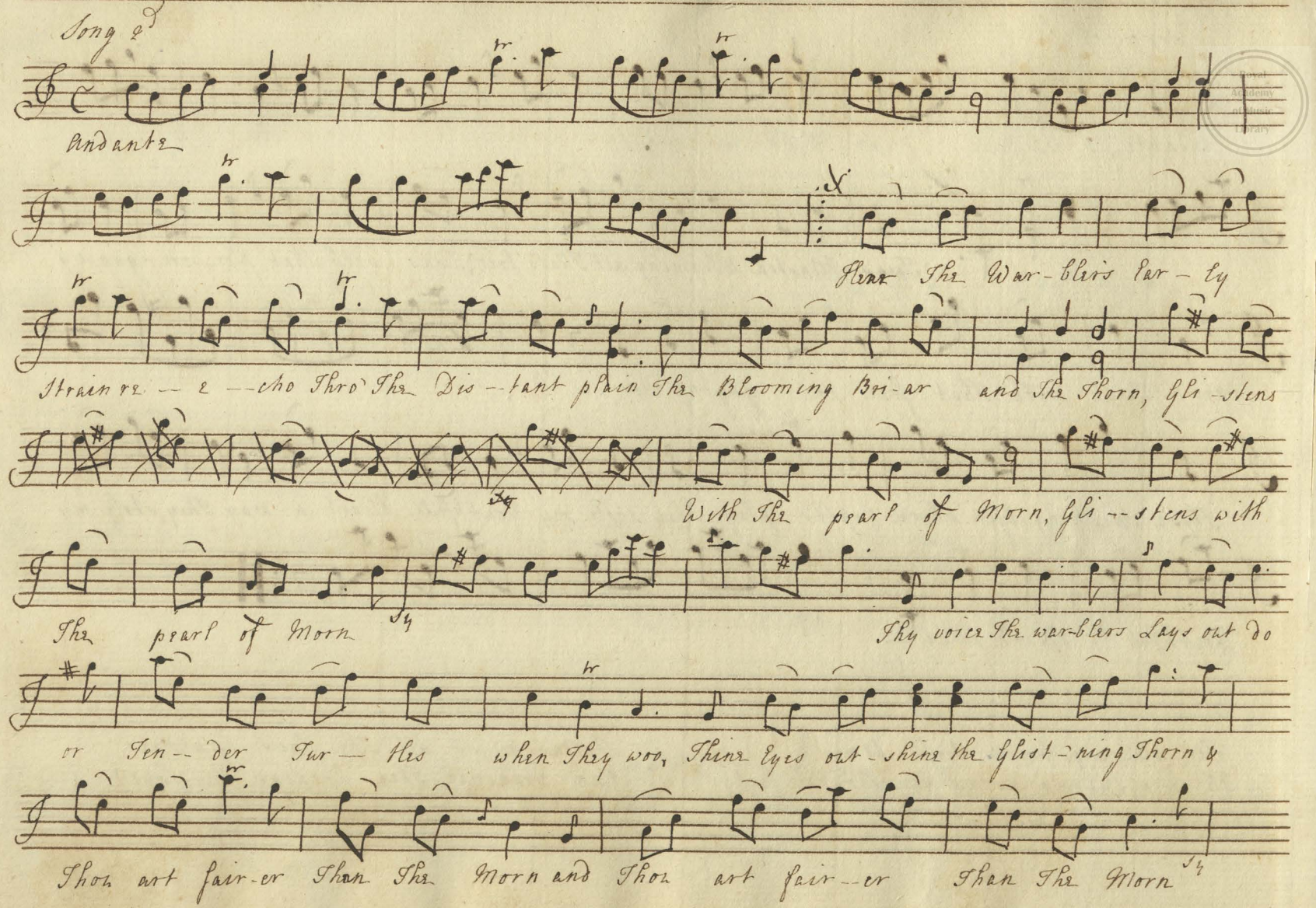
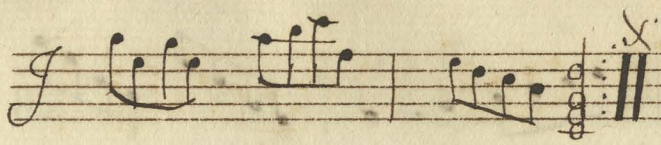
air; 'Twas with That free en- gaging air

Those Speaking Eyes where Cupid's play They stole my Youthfull Heart a-way They stole my

Youthful Heart away.

Her pleasing Voice I oft admir'd,
Th' enchanting Notes My Bosom fir'd;

Pallas Must all She Say's approve,
Can prudence Then Arraign My Love?


Song 2d
Andante
Hear The War-blers far-ly
Strain re-e-cho Thro' The Dis-tant plain The Blooming Bri-ar and The Thorn, gli-stens
With The pearl of Morn, gli--stens with
The pearl of Morn
Thy voice The war-blers Lays out do
or Ten--der Tur--tles when They woo, Thine Eyes out-shine the glist-ning Thorn
Thou art fair-er Than The Morn and Thou art fair--er Than The Morn

His Rays Intense, when Phebus pours,
and Scorches at The Noontide Hours;
The panting Nymphs and Swains retire,
In Cooling Grotts from Phebus Fire:
Enraptur'd Thus When Mortals Gaze,
and View Thy Beauty In its Blaze;
A Brighter noon We find In Thee,
Then Sol or Summers pride e'er See.

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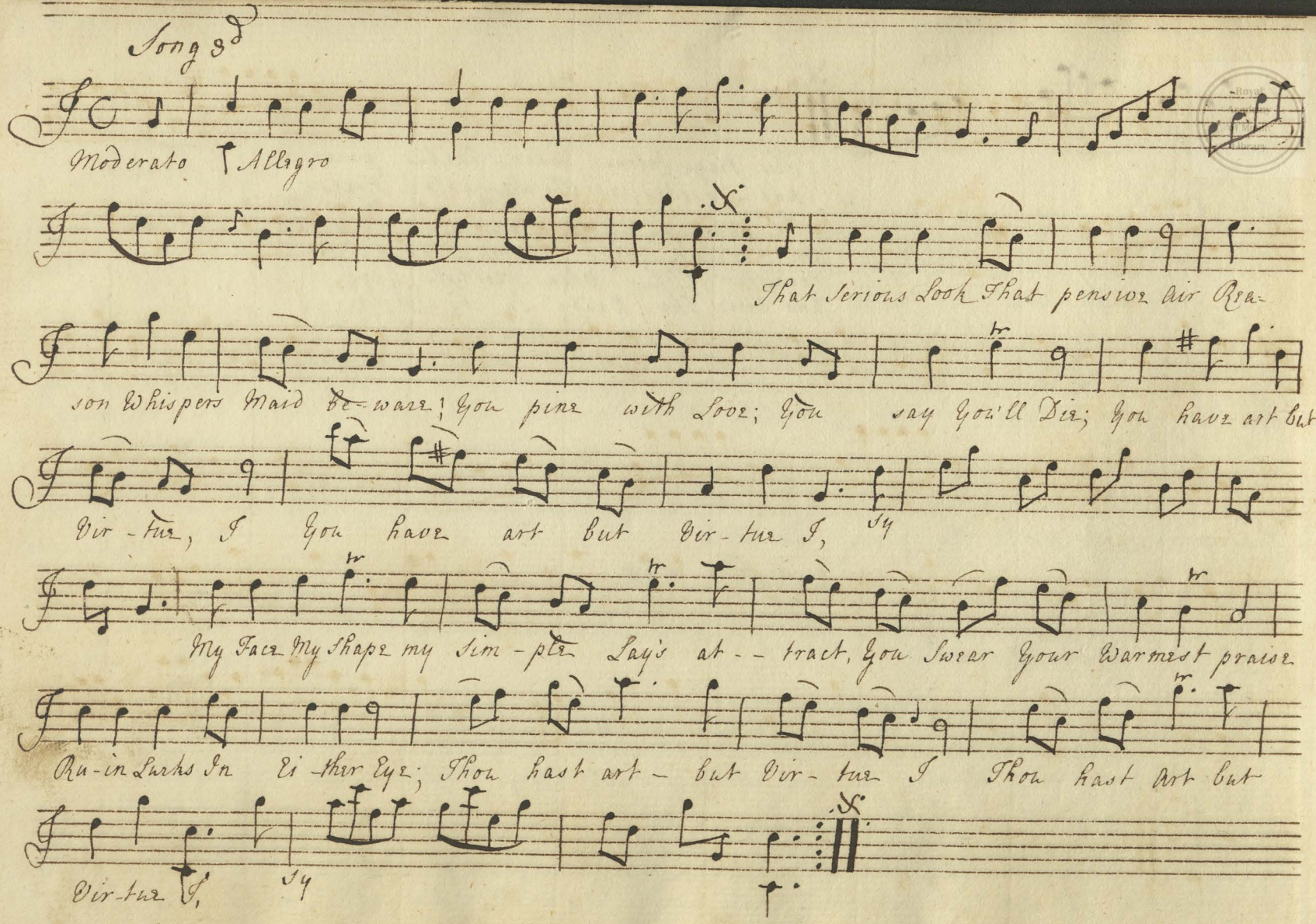
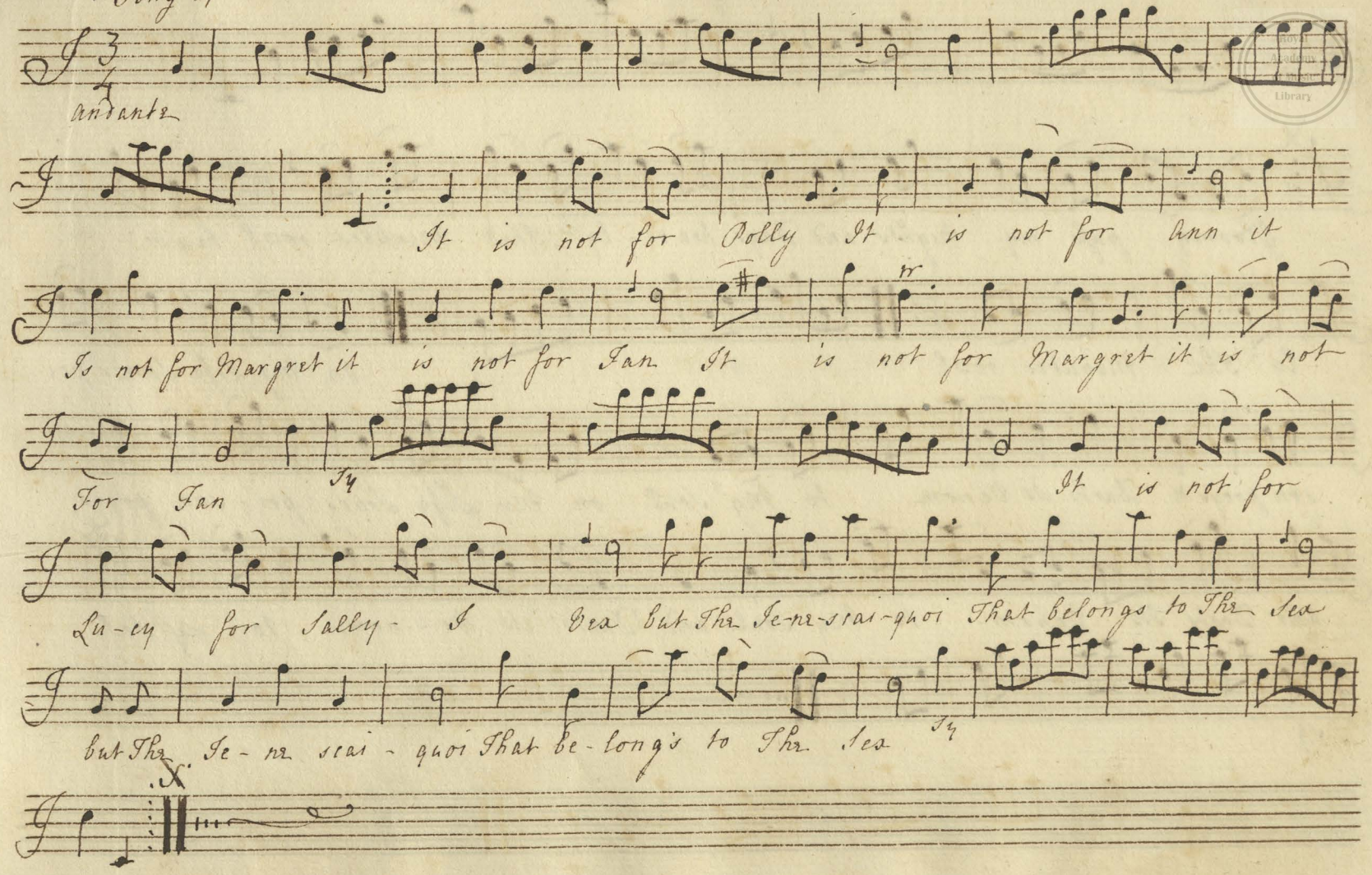
Song 8d


Moderato
Allegro
That Serious Look That pensive air Rea-
son Whispers Maid be-ware! You pine with Love; You say You'll Die; You have art but
Vir-tue, I You have art but Vir-tue I, Sy
My Face My Shape my Sim-ple Lay's at-tract, You Swear Your Warmest praise
Ru-in Lurks In Ei-ther Eye; Thou hast art-but Vir-tue I Thou hast art but
Vir-tue I, Sy

Song 4


andante
It is not for Polly It is not for Ann it
Is not for Margret it is not for Jan It is not for Margret it is not
For Jan
It is not for
Lu-cy for Sally- I Dea but Tha Je-ne-scai-quoi That belongs to Tha Sea
but Tha Je-ne scai-quoi That be-longs to Tha Sea

Song 6th

Gloomy pass my Nights and Days heavi-ly The Minutes rowl heavi-

ly The Minutes rowl

On My Life Love's poi

son preys & Darts its Venom to My Soul on My Life Love's poi-son preys,

And Darts Its Venom- to My Soul and Darts its Ve-nom to my Soul.

Sy

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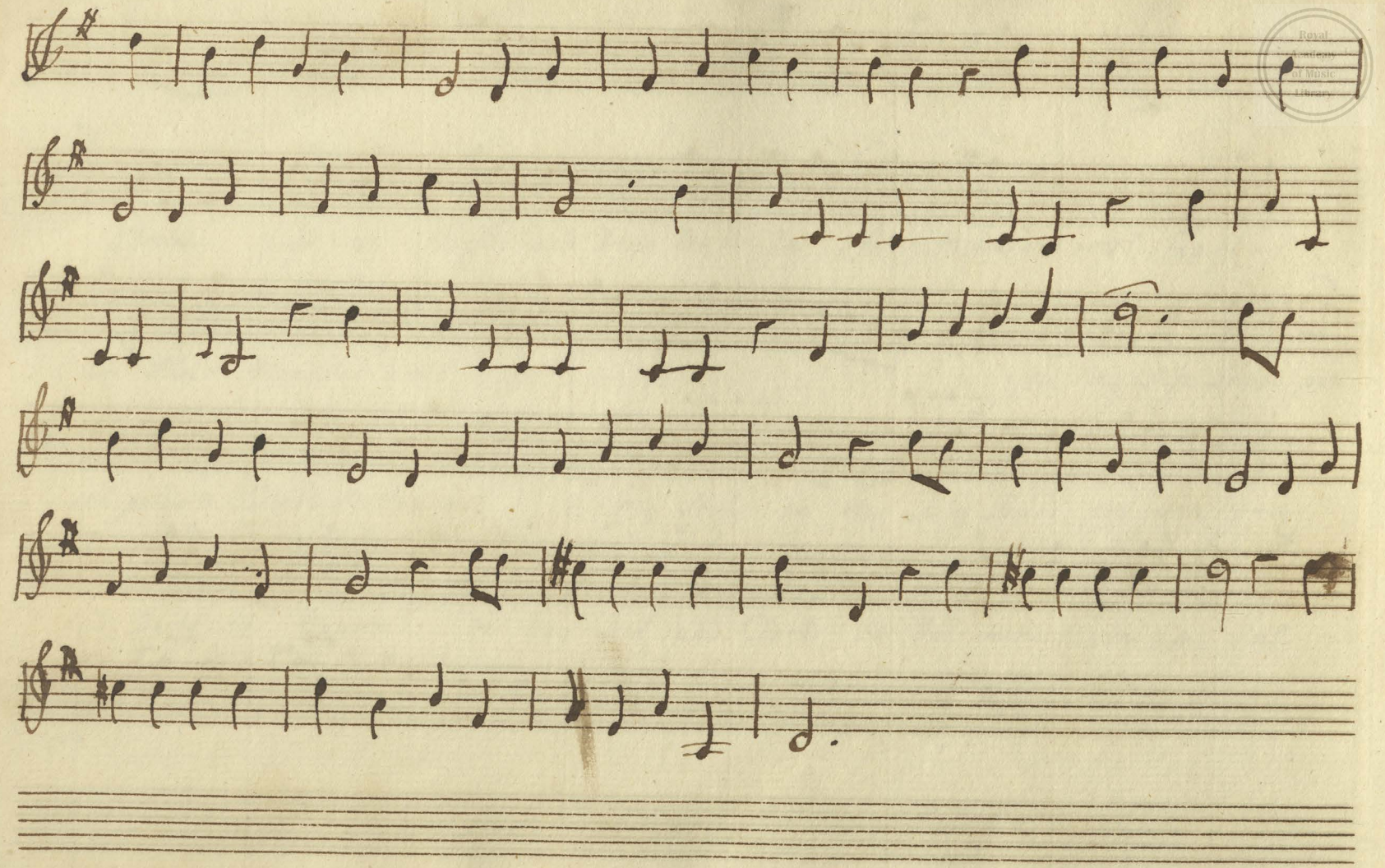

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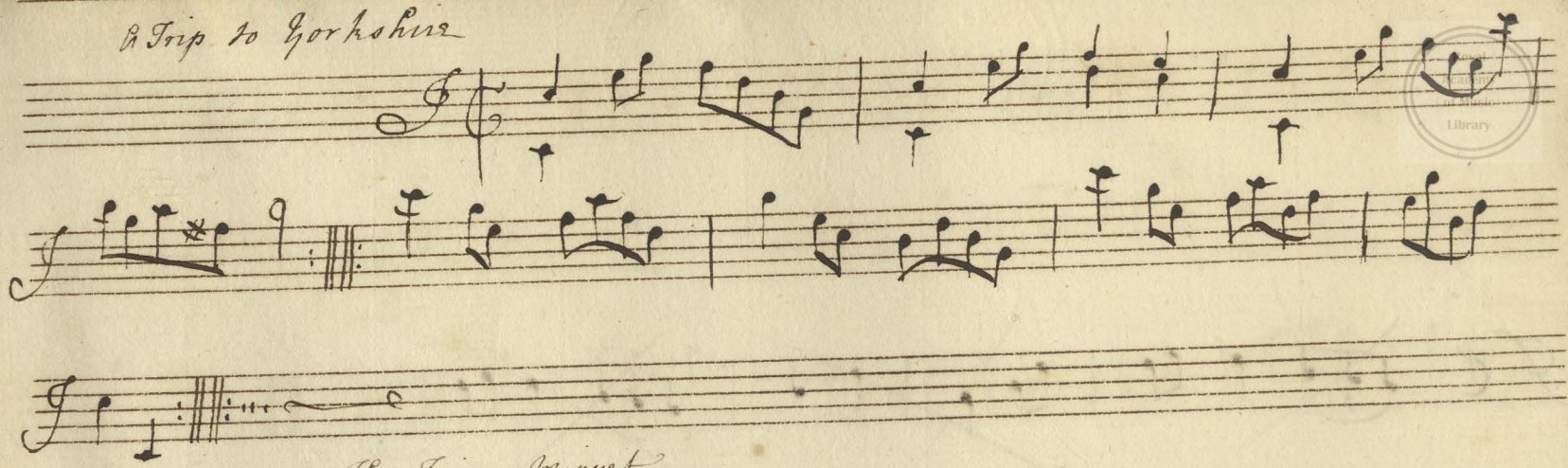
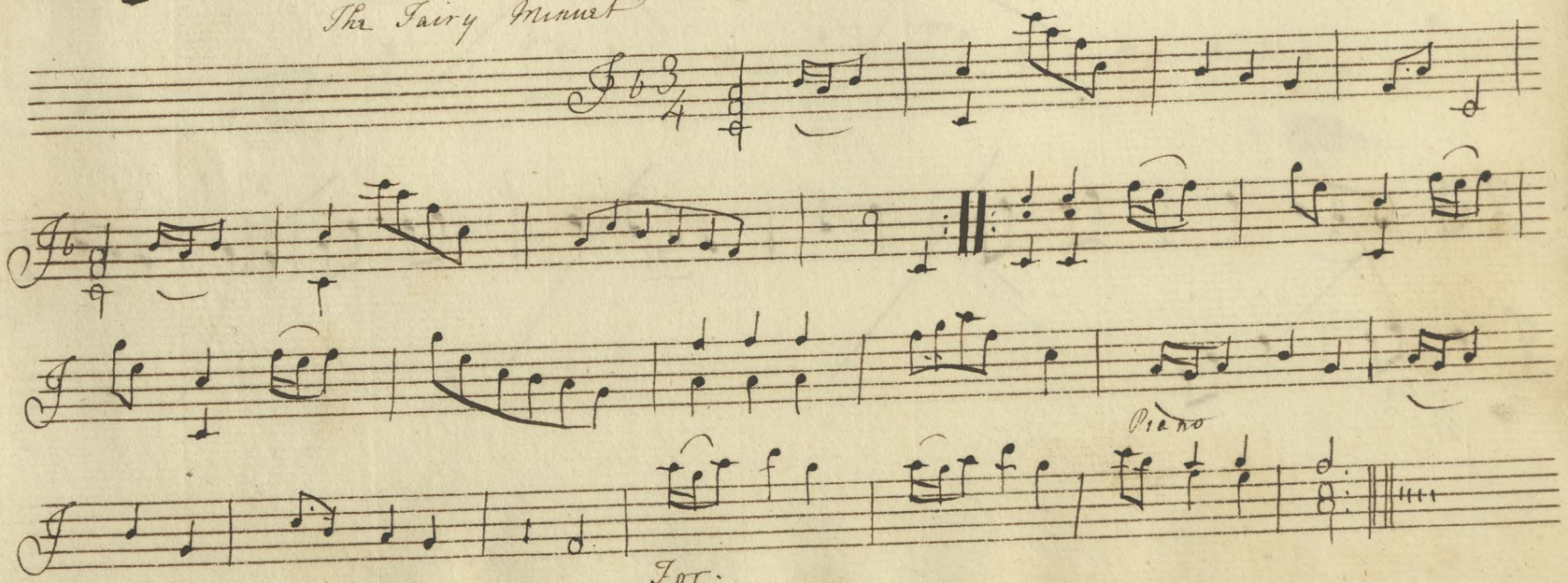
A Trip to Yorkshire



The Fairy Minuet



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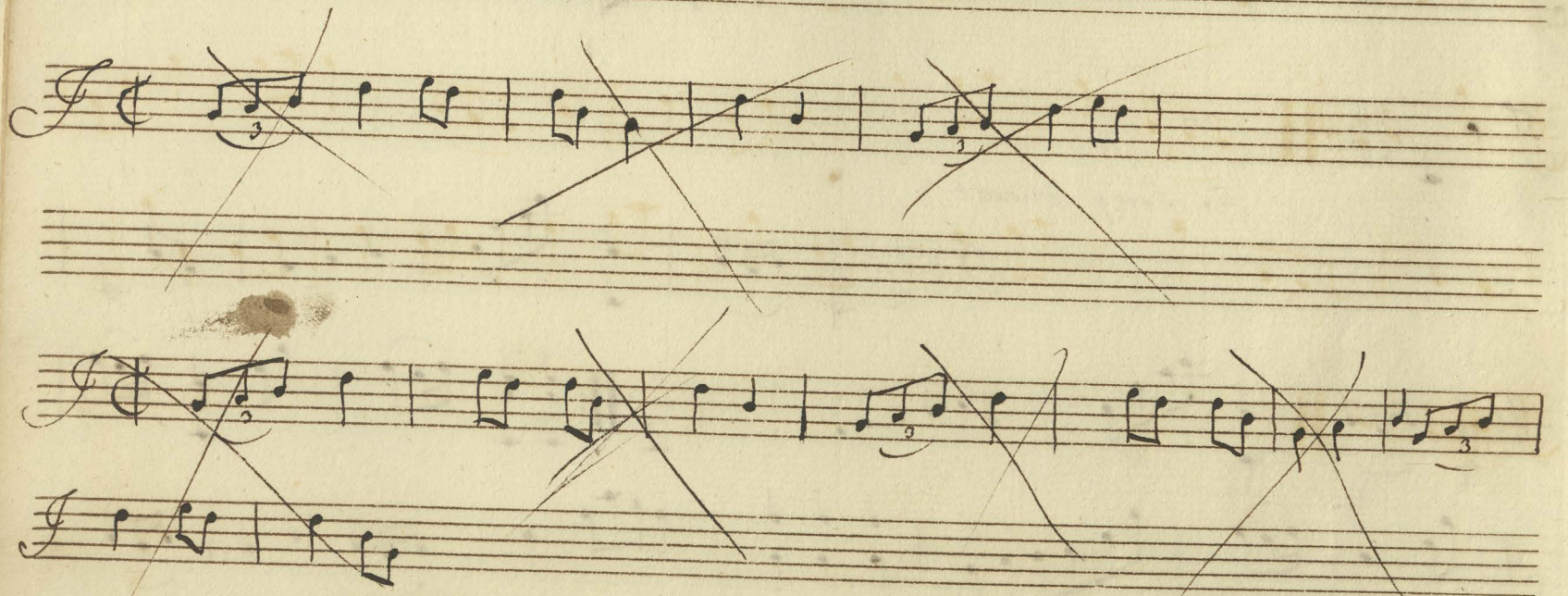
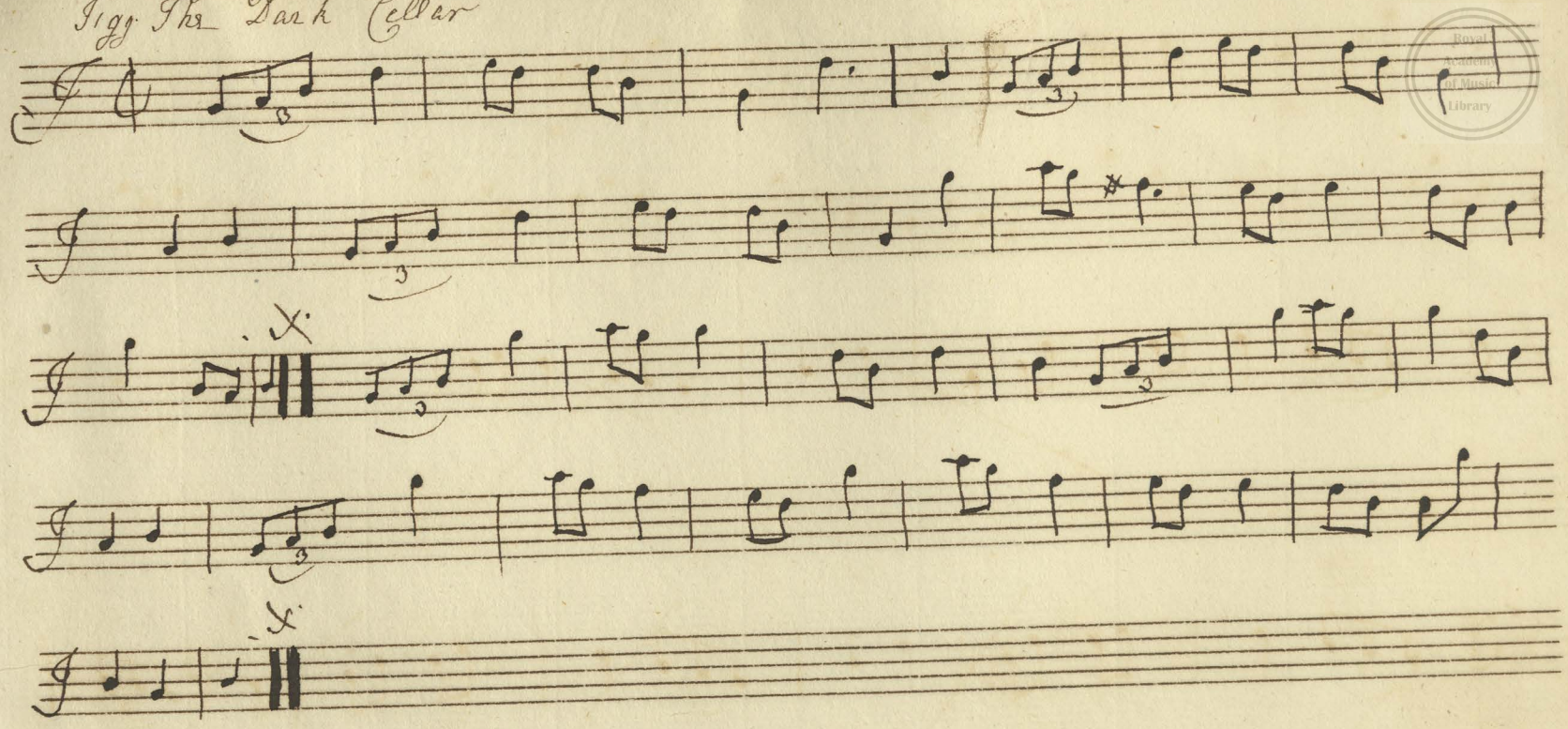


Jigg The Dark Cellar



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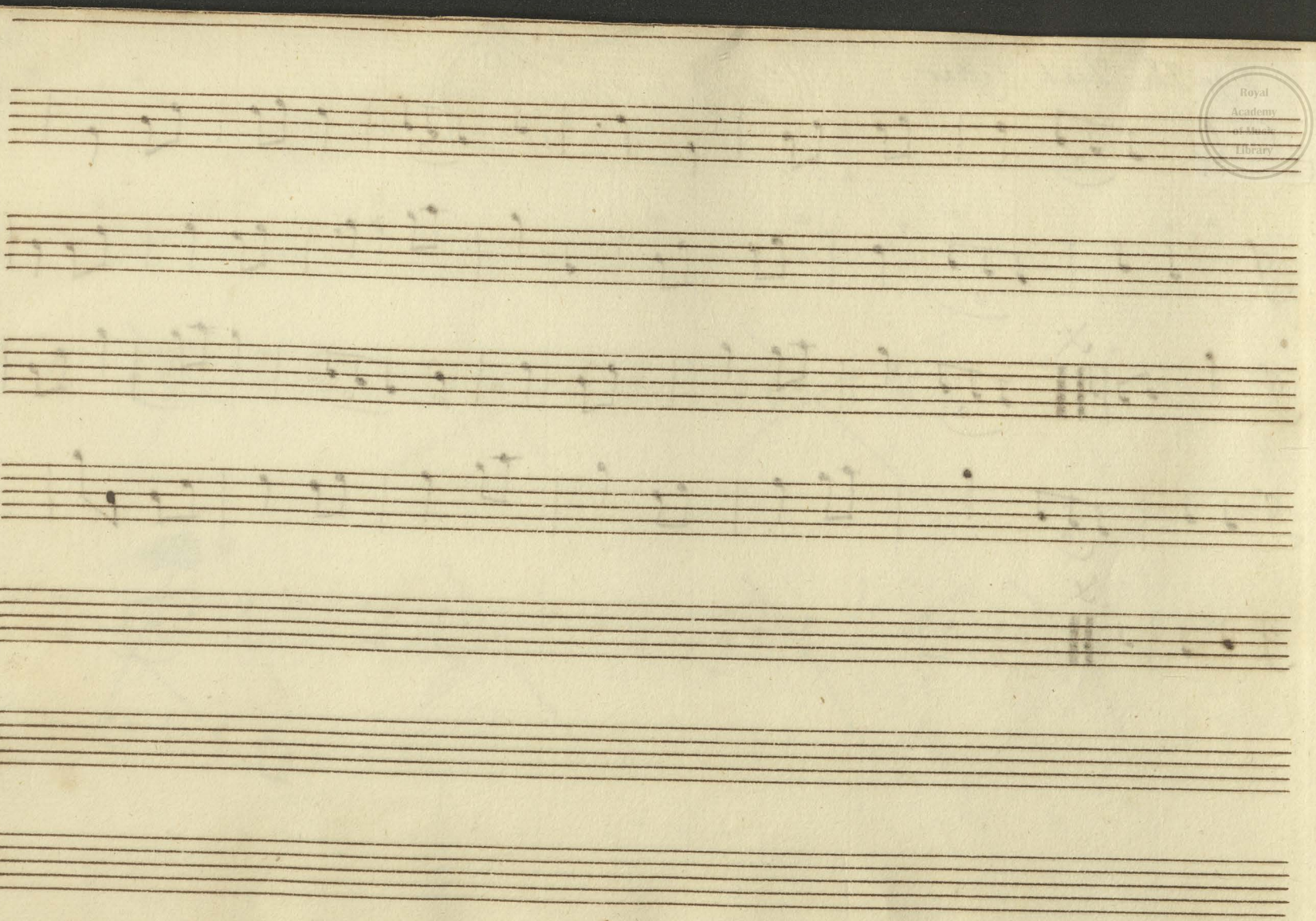
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2ii Guitar manuscript c1770. (English)

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